

MASTER OF MEGA—CITY ONE!

PROG 414
20 APR 85

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

\$1.45 Malaysia
65c Australia
65c New Zealand
88g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD

FEATURING

JUDGE DREDD



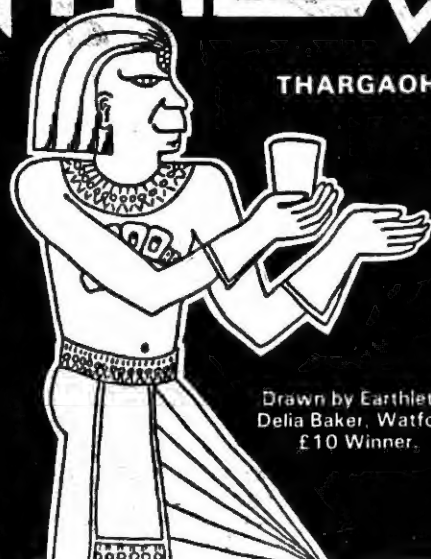
NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

This prog introduces you to your free "MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE" album, along with 5 stickers to start your collection of 216 stickers featuring the famous fantasy characters He-Man, Skeletor, Teela and the rest. A further thrill-bulletin is programmed to appear elsewhere in this issue of the galaxy's greatest to explain about the free stickers warping your way next week. Talking of the future, my zarjaz 8th Birthday Issue draws increasingly nigh – bringing with it all of your favourite thrill-powered stories, plus the return of *Strontium Dog*, plus – as if this weren't enough – an entire saga devoted to the powerful Psi Judge herself...Anderson! To celebrate this mega-event, and to help prepare your circuits for the shock, I have programmed a colour scan of Judge Anderson on this prog's back page. Let evil be unto him that thinks evil of it, as we say on Quaxan.

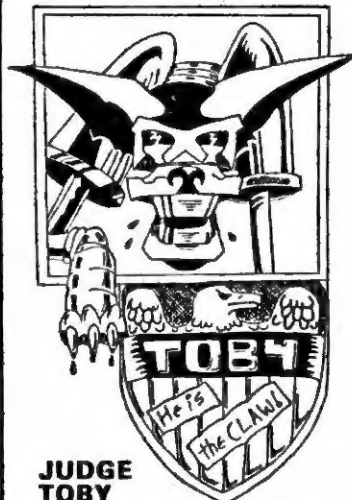
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG



THARGAOH

Drawn by Earthlette
Delia Baker, Watford.
£10 Winner.



JUDGE
TOBY

Drawn by Earthlet Alex Green,
Ebbw Vale. £10 Winner.

MUSEUM PIECE

Dear Mighty One,

When I recently wandered into the Natural History Museum in London, I came across an exhibition called 'A Lesson In Martian'. At the beginning of the Martian's speech it said "Borag Thungg", and "Splundig Vur Thrigg" came at the end! Is it possible that you are not the only Betelgeusian on Earth, Tharg?

From Earthlet Martin Stevenson, Cambridge. £5 Winner or Rigelian Hotshot Victim.

I have despatched a droid to investigate your claim. If it is true, you shall win £5 for your clever spotting. If not, your eyes shall see the glory of the coming of the Rigelian Hotshot.

HELLTREK TRICK?

O Transmitter of Hyper-Thrills,

I noticed that on the title page of Prog 407's *Helltrekkers* the small square of the map was printed upside-down. Was this an extremely clever trick to confuse the evil Dictators of Zrag? Or perhaps a well-disguised burst of thrill-power to wipe out any lurking thrill-suckers? Or a stupid mistake?

From Earthlet Ian Alexander, Rochester. £5 Winner.

Yes.

KRILL TRO THARGO : 1

Dear Tharg,

I am writing to nominate my mother for a Krill Tro Thargo for allowing me to get my itching hands on Harry Harrison's zarjaz book, "The Stainless Steel Rat For President". I couldn't get hold of it myself, because it was in the adult science fiction section of my local library – but she lent me her own library ticket.

From Earthlet Mark Landless, Gosport. £5 Winner.

This Terran wins £5 for himself and the greatest prize of all – the Krill Tro Thargo – for his devoted parent.

KRILL TRO THARGO : 2

Dear Tharg,

I would like to recommend my teacher, Mr Capstic, O.B.E., M.B.E., and O.A.P., for a Krill Tro Thargo. He reads 2000 AD but he doesn't own a single copy because he gives them all to his next-door neighbour. I think this is an act of supreme generosity, so please make him a K.T.T. P.S. Please also send him a Rigelian Hotshot for the next time he gives us a boring essay to do.

From Earthlet Tony O'Connell, Liverpool. £5 Winner.

This Earthlet wins £5 for himself, and great sympathy for his teacher.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.

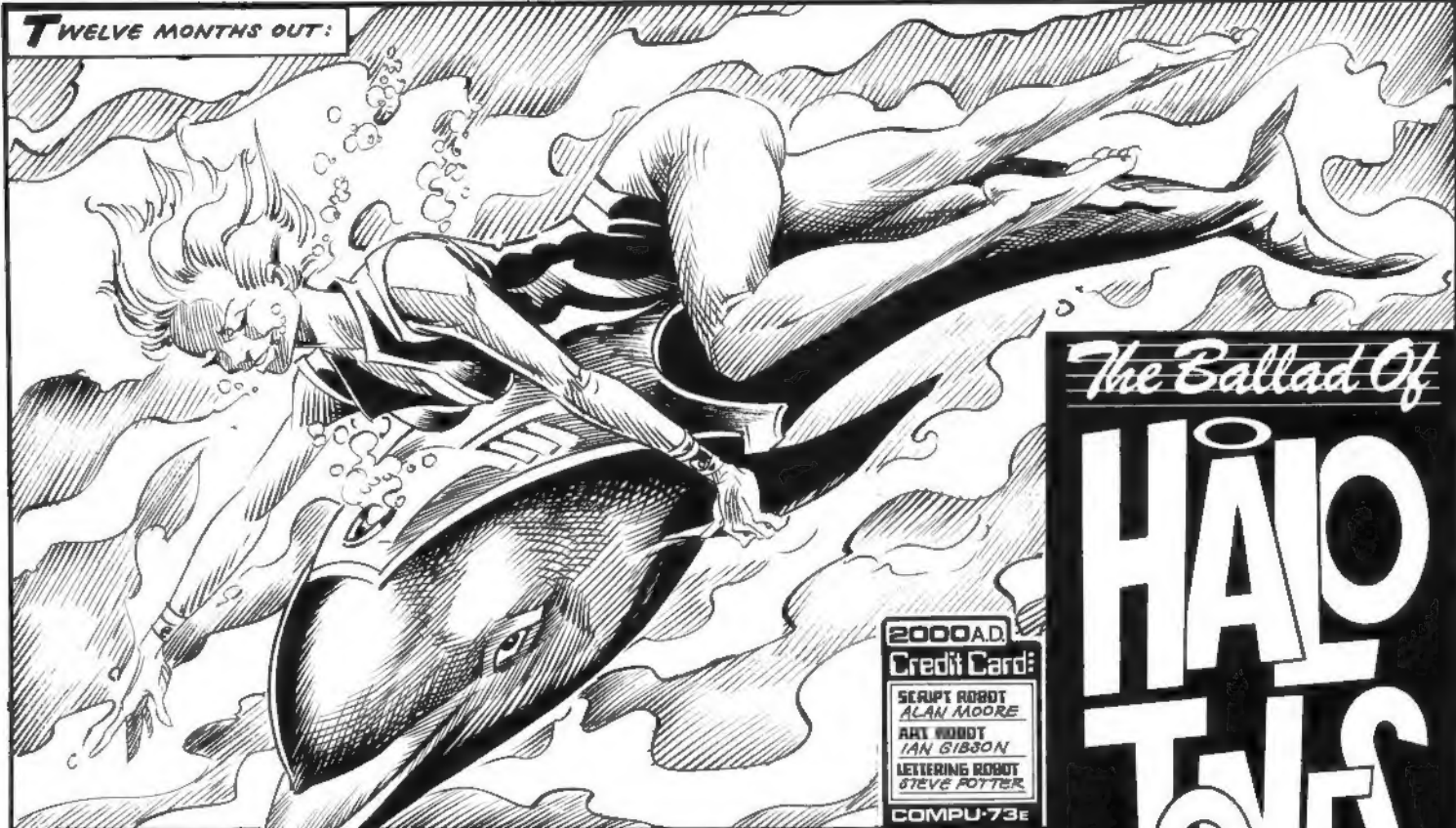
2.

3.

I Dislike:

My Age is **414**

TWELVE MONTHS OUT:



2000AD
Credit Card:
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 ALAN MOORE
 ART ROBOT
 IAN GIBSON
 LETTERING ROBOT
 STEVE POTTER
 COMPU-73E

The Ballad Of

HALO JONES

9: THE LAST DANCE



HOY,
 HALO!
 ARE YOU
 GOING TO GET
 READY FOR
 THIS PARTY,
 OR WHAT?



YEAH, I GUESS
 SO. I WAS JUST LAZING
 AROUND WITH KIT
 FOR A WHILE. YOU
 KNOW THE
 SHIP'S MEDIC PRESCRIBED
 COMPLETE RELAXATION
 FOR ME AFTER THAT
 BUSINESS WITH TOBY.

YEAH,
 LUCKY
 YOU.



YOU'RE
 JUST JEALOUS.
 ANYWAY, DON'T
 THE PEOPLE ON
 THIS SHIP EVER
 DO ANYTHING
 BUT THROW
 PARTIES?

TWO PARTIES
 IN TWELVE MONTHS
 IS A LOT? Y'KNOW,
 YOU REALLY HAD A
 SHELTERED
 UPBRINGING.

THE
 BEST.



KITITIKTI-
 RITITITIK,
 TIKTITRI-
 KITIT.

IKIT-
 IKTIKIK,
 RIKITIT.

HA-LO! WILL
 YOU FINISH SAYING
 GOODBYE TO THE
 FISH AND GET SOME
 CLOTHES ON?
 WE'RE GOING TO
 A CHOP PARTY!



HE ISN'T A FISH. DID YOU SAY A CHOP PARTY?

YEAH - A CHOP PARTY! AS IN LUX ROTH CHOP WHO OWNS THIS SHIP.

IT'S THE LAST NIGHT BEFORE WE DOCK ON CHARLEMAGNE. WHAT'S SO SURPRISING?



WELL, NOTHING... IT'S JUST THAT BACK ON THE HOOP, WE USED TO SAY 'CHOP PARTY' WHEN WE MEANT 'BIG DEAL'.

I'D NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHERE THE PHRASE CAME FROM...

OH, CHOP PARTIES ARE JUST LEGENDARY!



LISTEN, TONIGHT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GRAB THAT CYBERNETICIST YOU'VE GOT A CRAVING FOR.

JUST THIS ONCE, WHY NOT WEAR SOMETHING DEVASTATING, INSTEAD OF THAT MULTI-LAYERED GARBAGE THAT YOU WORE ON THE HOOP?

I DUNNO... MAYBE...



NO "MAYBE" ABOUT IT. I'LL BORROW SOMETHING FROM BLISHA - SHE'S ABOUT YOUR SIZE.

WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TWIST MY WRIST...

HEY, IS THERE SOMETHING MISSING FROM THIS CABIN? IT'S LIKE WE'VE GOT MORE ROOM...



HMMM. I WAS THINKING THAT, JUST THE OTHER DAY.

IT'S LIKE THERE USED TO BE SOME PIECE OF FURNITURE OR SOMETHING THAT WE NEVER NOTICED, AND NOW IT'S GONE.

YEAH. I WONDER WHAT IT WAS?



I DUNNO. GUESS IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN ANYTHING IMPORTANT.

LATER:



ISN'T THIS GREAT?
HOY, THERE'S THAT
NINEGOLD GUY! WHY
DON'T YOU ASK HIM
TO DANCE?

OH, I DON'T
KNOW. DO I LOOK
OKAY IN THIS
OUTFIT?



ARE YOU JESTERING?
YOU'RE A BLITZ! HE
WON'T KNOW WHAT
HIT HIM!
GO ON! THEY'LL
BE ANNOUNCING
THE LAST DANCE
ANY TIME NOW!

WELL,
IF YOU'RE
SURE...



HELLO,
MZ. JONES.
NICE TO
SEE YOU.

Hello.

SORRY TO HEAR
ABOUT THAT
BUSINESS WITH
YOUR DOG. YOU
LOST A DAMN
FINE PIECE OF
ENGINEERING
THERE.



UH, YES...

UH, MIX, LISTEN...
I WAS JUST WONDERING
IF YOU WANTED TO, UH...

WELL, SEE, I
STARTED ABOARD
THE CLARA PANDY
I'VE ALWAYS
THOUGHT YOU
WERE KIND
OF, UH...

WELL,
THAT IS...



MR. NINEGOLD, HOW
CHARMING, LOVELY TO SEE YOU,
IT'S THE LAST DANCE, SHALL WE?

WHY, MZ.
GOLEITER...
CEZANNE... I'D
BE DELIGHTED.

EXCUSE
ME, MZ. JONES.
NICE TALKING
TO YOU.



HOY!
HOY, WAIT A
MINUTE!



MZ. SOLEITER,
EXCUSE ME, BUT
I THINK I
FINALLY
RECOGNISED
YOUR VOICE...

DID YOU
EVER DO NEWS
BROADCASTS
UNDER THE
NAME 'SWIFTY
FRISKO'?



SWIFTY FRISKO?
WHY, YES, HOW
FUNNY!
A COMPUTER,
YOU KNOW, PROGRAMMED
WITH MY VOICE, MATCHED
UP WITH A LITTLE
ANIMATED
HOLOGRAM.
DID
YOU WANT AN
AUTOGRAPH?
NO? DREADFUL
HURRY,
MUST
DASH...



I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.
SWIFTY
FRISKO STOLE
MY MAN.
HOW AM I
GOING TO TELL
RODICE?



CHOP
PARTIES!
WHAT'S SO
SLAPPY
ABOUT 'EM,
ANYWAY?

EXCUSE
ME...



HUH?

OH...HELLO.
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

LISTEN, I'M
NOT FEELING
VERY TALKATIVE
RIGHT NOW,
SO...



THAT
DOESN'T
MATTER.
I JUST WANTED
TO TELL YOU THAT
I THINK YOU
LOOK VERY
BEAUTIFUL...

... AND TO
ASK IF I COULD
HAVE THE LAST
DANCE.



UH... OH WELL, WHY NOT?

NOBODY ELSE IS GOING TO ASK ME AS NICELY AS THAT.



OKAY, HERE GOES... AND LISTEN, IF ANYBODY LAUGHS AT US, JUST IGNORE 'EM!

THEY WON'T LAUGH.



HOY! YOU REALLY DANCE WELL!

HA HA HA! THIS IS TERRIFIC...

THANK YOU.



UH... IS THE FLOOR EMPTYING, OR IS IT MY IMAGINATION? EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING AT US...

JUST IGNORE THEM. THE DANCE IS NEARLY OVER. LET'S ENJOY IT.



LISTEN! THEY'RE ALL APPLAUDING!

THAT WAS THE BEST DANCE I EVER HAD IN MY ENTIRE LIFE. Y'KNOW, YOU'RE A PRETTY NEAT LITTLE KID.

THE PLEASURE WAS ALL MINE



I HAVE TO GO NOW... MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU BEFORE WE DOCK ON CHARLEMAGNE AND BUY YOU A KAROB SUNDAE OR SOMETHING.

MY NAME'S HALO. WHAT'S YOURS...?



LUX ROTH CHOP. GOODNIGHT.

NEXT PROG: ICE COLD ON CHARLEMAGNE.

YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!



I NEED YOUR HELP, EARTHLETS! THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT THRILL-SUCKER INFESTATION IS REGULAR JOLTS OF THRILL-POWER, AND THAT MEANS A WEEKLY ORDER FOR 2000 AD. FILL IN THE COUPON TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND THEN GIVE THE SPARE COUPON TO A FRIEND. REMEMBER, EARTHLETS — YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

FIGHTING THE EVIL OF



**DUKE AND
HIS ACTION
FORCE TEAM**
EVERY WEEK
IN

**BATTLE
ACTION FORCE**
ON SALE NOW - 24p



Slaire

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID PUGH
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER

ANCIENT POEM
HERE USED TO BE
A HIGH IDOL WITH MANY FIGHTS,
WHICH WAS NAMED THE CROM CRUACH,
IT MADE EVERY TRIBE TO BE WITHOUT
PEACE.

IT WAS A SAD EVIL!
BRAVE GAELS USED
TO WORSHIP IT.
TO HIM WITHOUT
GLORY
THEY WOULD KILL
THEIR PITEOUS,
WRETCHED
OFFSPRING.

MILK AND CORN
THEY WOULD ASK FROM THE RED MAGGOT
SPEEDILY,
IN RETURN FOR ONE THIRD OF THEIR
HEALTHY CHILDREN,
GREAT WAS THE HORROR AND SCARE OF HIM.

CROM!
CROM LIVES!

THIS WAS THE LORD OF
THE MOUNDS, THE
OBSCENE, SLUG-LIKE
CREATURE OUR OLD
ENEMY, MEDB, WOULD
HAVE 'MARRIED'.



IT HAD NO BONES — BUT
USED PRESSURISED
FLUID TO FORM A
HYDROSTATIC SKELETON,
WRIGGLING FORWARD
ON SLIME DISCHARGED
FROM ONE OF ITS
MANY VACU-HOLES.



IT HAD NO BRAIN,
EITHER — IT WAS
SIMPLY THE ULTI-
MATE PARASITE,
EMERGING FROM
THE TIME SPIRAL TO
KILL AND FEED ON
THE DEAD.

SQUADRON LEADER
MOSROOTH'S DAUGHTER,
TLACHTGA, SAW HER
TROOPS RUN IN TERROR...



BACK!
BACK TO YOUR
POSITIONS!

TLACHTGA LEAPT INTO
ACTION AS THE DILUVIALS,
HEARTENED BY THEIR
HIDEOUS ALLY, MADE
ANOTHER CHARGE.



MOSROOTH
WAS UNHAPPY
ABOUT
TLACHTGA
JOINING THE
ATLANTEAN
GUARD, BUT
HE COULDN'T
CONTROL
HIS FIERY
DAUGHTER.



"I WON'T SETTLE
DOWN UNTIL I'VE CUT
UP A MAN OR TWO,"
SHE'D TOLD HIM.



NOW HER VERY SAVAGERY
WAS HER UNDOING. THE
FORCE OF THE BLOW
SWUNG HER OFF BALANCE...



...INTO A GREAT POOL
OF THE TIME WORM'S
SLIME.

SLAINE AND I WATCHED WITH MYRDDIN—

BY LUG! THEY RUN FROM NOTHING!

CROM IS BEYOND THE NORMAL SPECTRUM OF VISION.

BUT QUAFF THIS BREW...

IT CONTAINS ANGUINAM—A FLUID TAKEN FROM THE TIME WORM'S EGGS!

THE HUMAN BRAIN ONLY REGISTERS A FEW IMAGES A SECOND. IT CANNOT SEE THE WORLDS THAT EXIST BETWEEN...

AS THE ANGUINAM SLOWED DOWN OUR PERCEPTION OF TIME, WE SAW THE HIDEOUS MASSGOT GOD AT WORK BEYOND THE BARS OF OUR REALITY.

CROM, AND ORGANISMS LIKE HIM, LIVE IN THESE 'WORM-HOLES' IN TIME.

THE MASSGOT GOD CONTINUED ITS TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS, USING ITS FLAGELLUM LIKE STINGERS TO EMIT BURSTS OF TIME POWER.

AAAAHHH!!

THE RESULT WAS INSTANT AND TERRIBLE... IN A FEW SECONDS THE ATLANTEANS BEGAN TO AGE A THOUSAND YEARS!

THE MOUNTAINS OF SNOWDONIA ARE AT THE HEART OF A TIME SPIRAL. HERE THE EVER-LIVING ONES HAD COME AFTER THE FALL OF ATLANTIS...

...AND SURVIVED FOR CENTURIES, UNAFFECTED BY THE PASSING OF THE YEARS OUTSIDE.

NOW THE GREAT WORM HAD BROUGHT THEM SUDDENLY AND FATALLY BACK INTO REAL-TIME!





THANK
YOU. I'M GLAD
SOMEONE HAS
PRINCIPLES.

WATCH
OUT!

THE
MASSOT
GOD!

ITS
TENTACLES
HAVE SEIZED
US!

THE CYTHRON CONTROLLING
THE MASSOT GOD TURNED
TO HIS LEADER —

WHAT DO YOU
WANT DONE WITH
THESE ANIMALS,
MYRAAKOTHA?

I'D LIKE
TO EXPERIMENT
ON THEM —
BUT THERE
ISN'T TIME...

FEED
THEM TO
CROM!



NO USE
FIGHTING
THIS DEMON.
GOT TO
STRIKE AT
ITS CON-
TROLLER...



UUUH!



ITS CONTROLLER DEAD, THE
TENTACLES WENT LIMP. BUT—

BLAST THE
PIGS WITH
TIME POWER!
MAKE THEIR
FLESH ROT!



SOOTH!



YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT...
I SHIELDED YOU
FROM THE
TIME BOLT.



NOT QUITE!

NEXT
PROG.

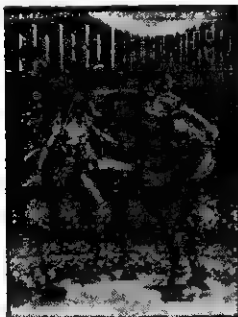
THE CHANGELING?

NEXT PRIZE : 25 MULTIPLE ACTION ARMATRONS!

ENTER THE
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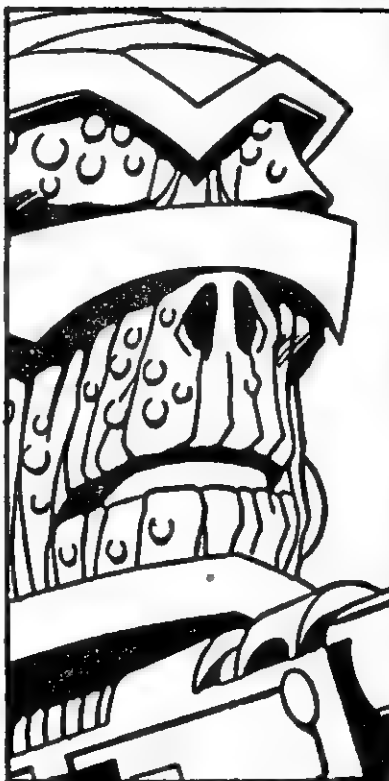
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CAN YOU SPOT THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THESE TWO SCANS?



GOOD — NEXT TIME WE'LL MAKE IT HARDER...

PLUS!

In next week's issue of the galaxy's greatest comic there will be 6 more stickers for your "MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE" album. You can then buy further stickers from many newsagents in packets of 5 for 10p. You can also get your grabbers on more free stickers in ROY OF THE ROVERS (issue dated 27 April).

The Mighty Tharg regrets that overseas readers, and those across the galaxy, are not able to share in this scheme, which applies to the United Kingdom and the Republic of Ireland only.

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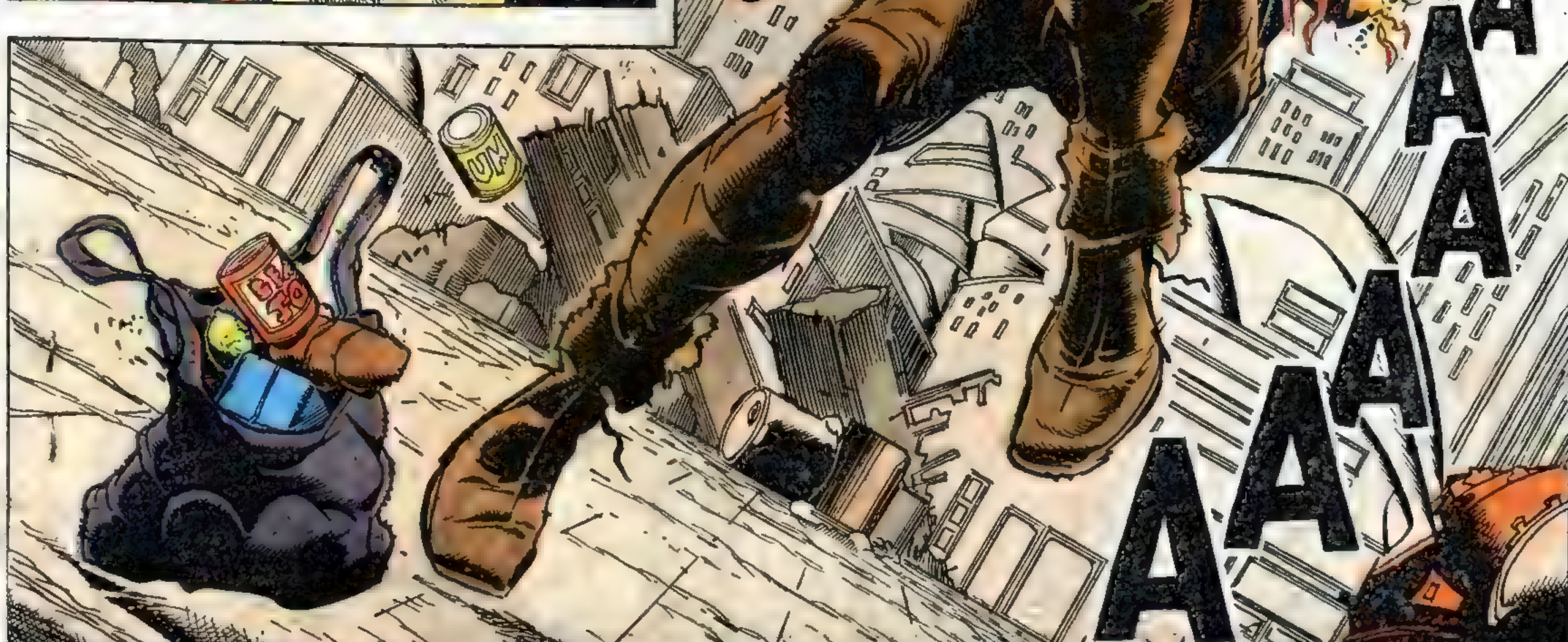
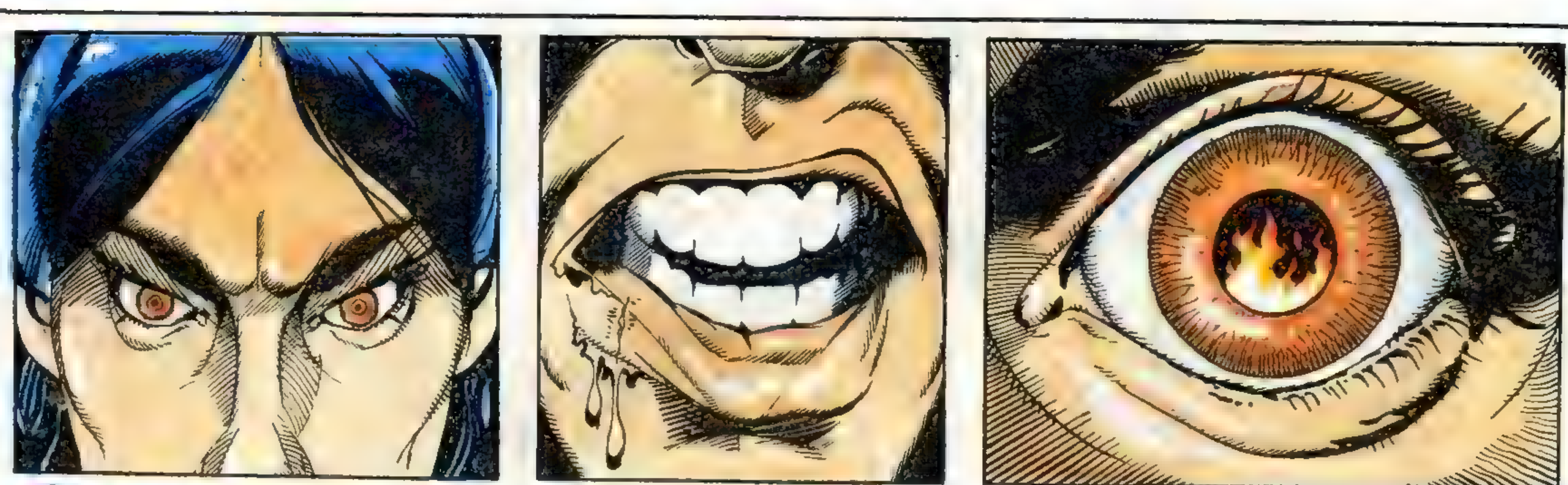


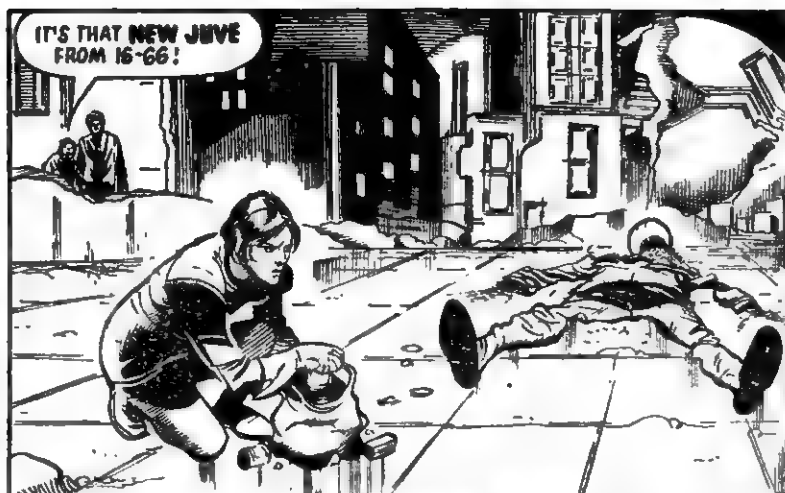
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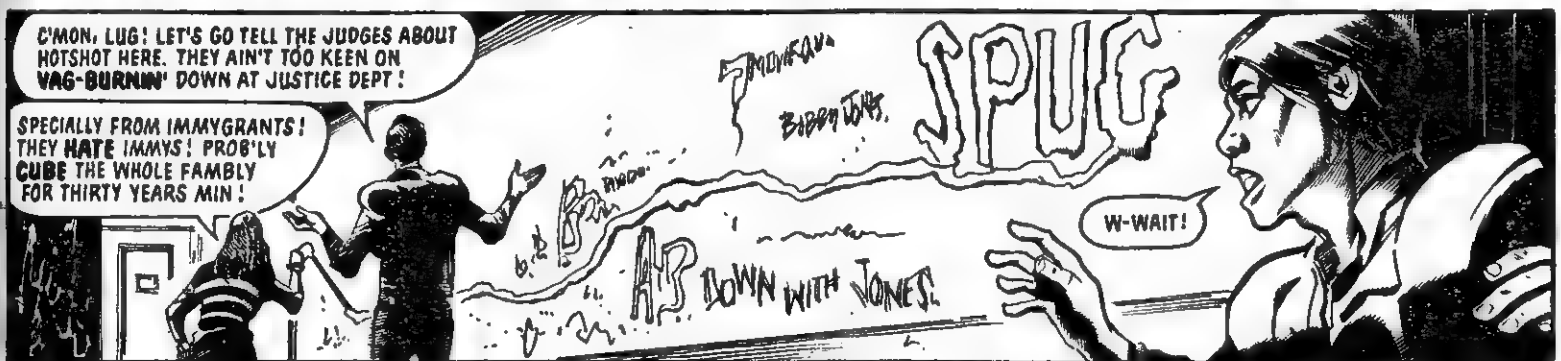
Subject to slight variation some of the stamps given to all asking to see our exciting approval books. Please send a stamp for postage at current rate. Please tell your parents.

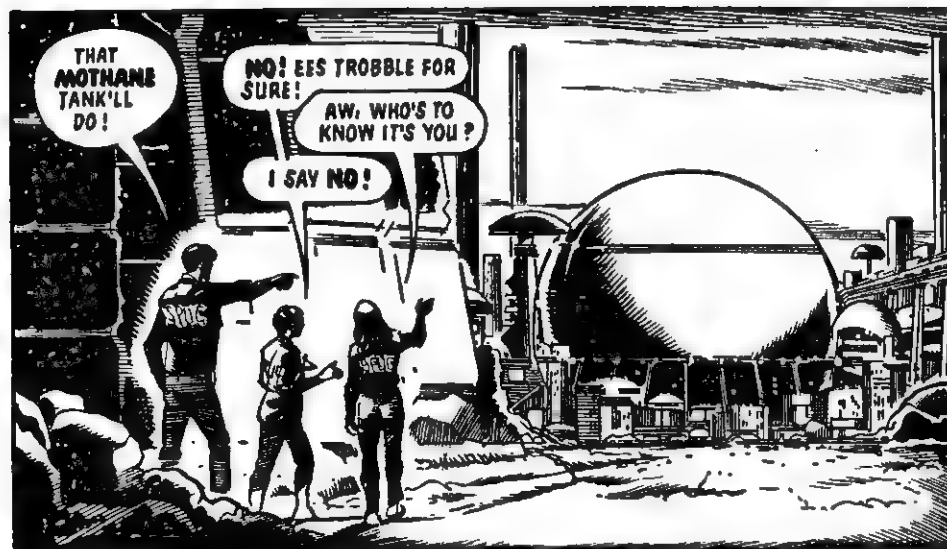
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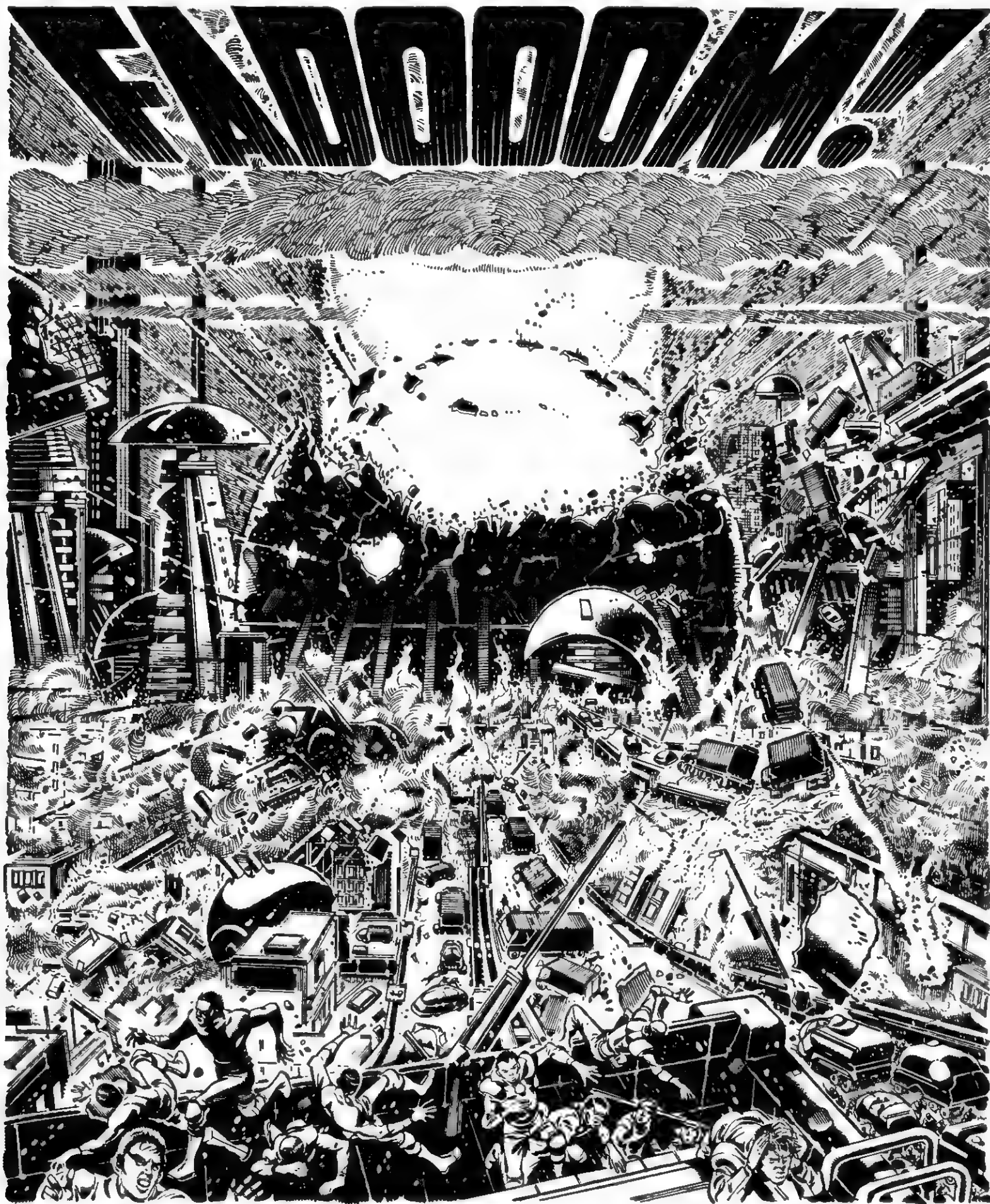


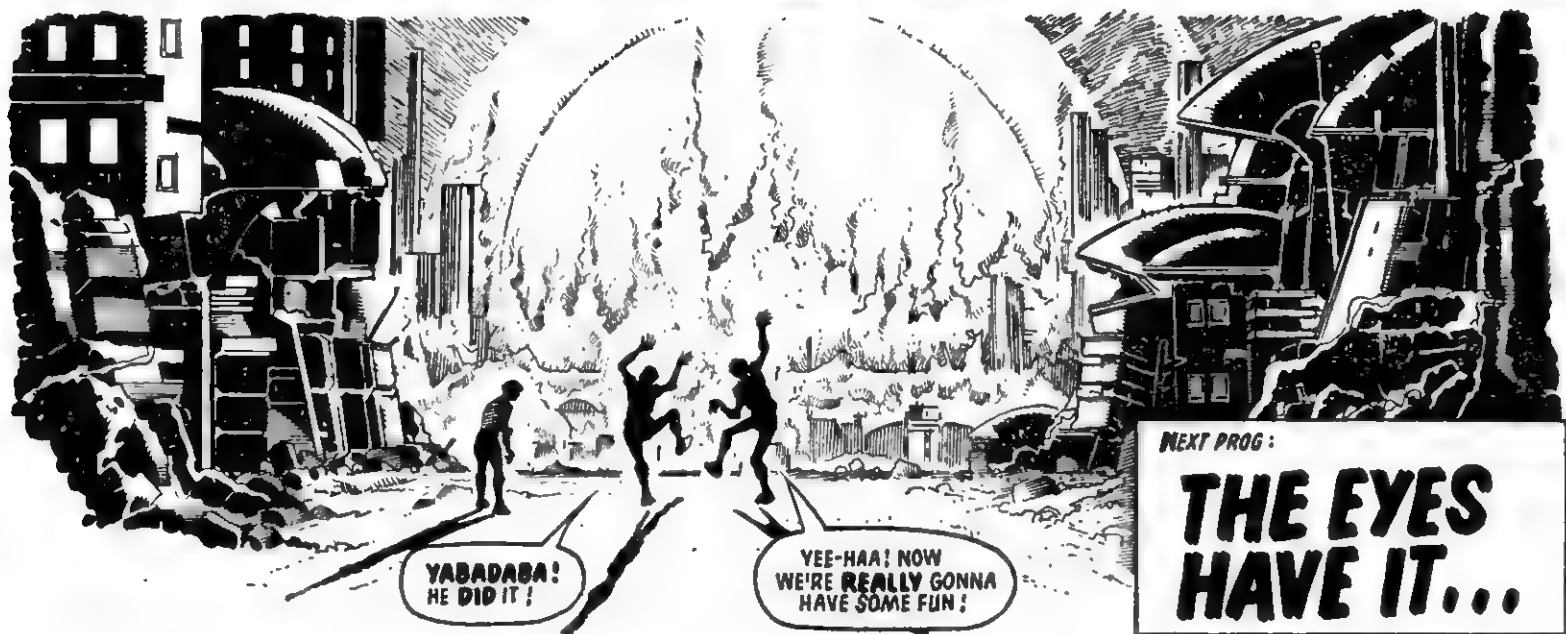
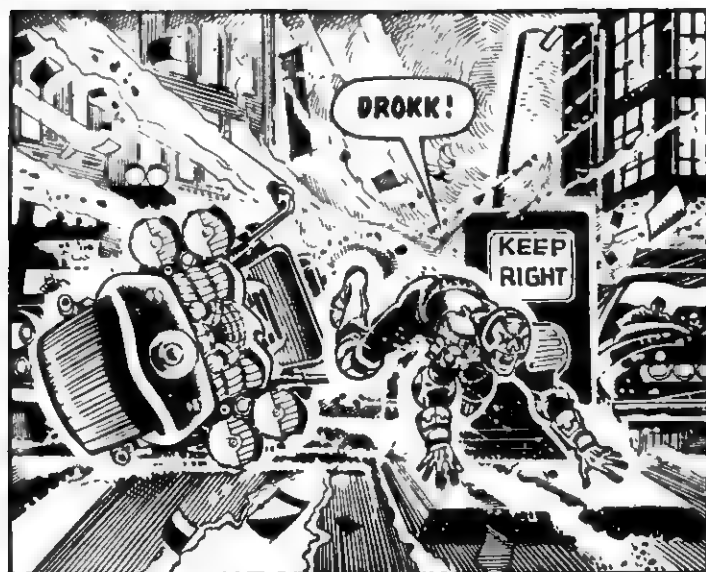












THE PLANET HORST, WHERE ROGUE HAS LEARNT THE LOCATION OF THE ANTIGEN... THE UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE THAT CAN HELP REGENE HIS BIOCHIPPED BUDDIES.



ROGUE TROOPER



THE INSECTOIDS HAD BEEN TRAINED AS ALLIES BY THE SOUTHER ADVISER...



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e



HERE WE GO, ROGUE - ON THE ROAD TO BEING **MEN** AGAIN!

THE SOONER THE BETTER! IF YOU ASK ME, THESE **BUGS** ARE ONE BIG **HANDICAP!**



WRONG, GUNNAR - THEY CAN SPOT DANGER A KAY AWAY!

ANOTHER SQUADRON OF NORT ALLIES!

DOWN!



STILL SEARCHING FOR ME, I GUESS... BUT THIS G.I. AIN'T GONNA GET CAUGHT NOW!



THE PARTY SOON REACHED THE VAULK MOUNTAINS -

WE'RE HERE, BOYS. NOW THE 'Toids CAN TAKE OVER AND GUIDE US TO THE ANTIGEN MINE.



THEY MAY HAVE LOST THEIR NERVE, BUT THEY'RE TOUGH LITTLE CREATURES ALL THE SAME...



SUDDENLY...

HUG THE CLIFF! MORE OF THOSE NIGHTMARES PASSING BELOW!



WHAT'S UP, ROGUE? THEY'VE GONE, HAVEN'T THEY?

YEAH— BUT OUR FRIENDS ARE ACTING MORE JUMPY THAN EVER!

TOLD YOU THEY WERE A HANDICAP, ROGUE...



FORGET IT, GUNNAR. ONE OF THEM'S SIGNALLING JOURNEY'S END!



WTF!!

HREEE!

HELL! TWO FLY-GUYS WAITING FOR US!



DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE CREEPS ARE DOING HERE...



BUT THEY CAN BUTT OUT!

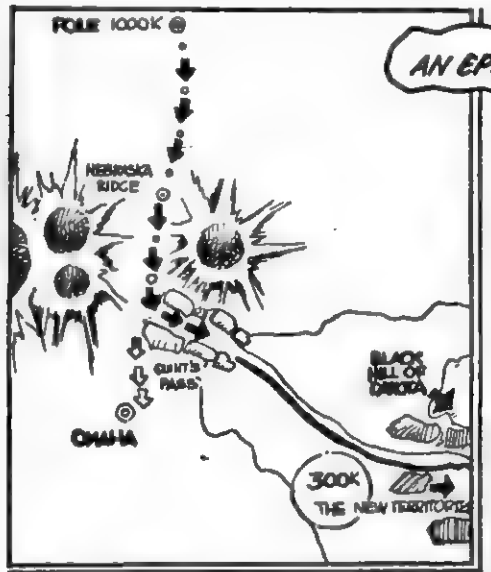
RRAIEEE!



NEXT PROG: POT LUCK!

AN EPIC JOURNEY THROUGH THE NIGHTMARE OF THE CURSED EARTH!

THE HELL TREKKERS



FROM THE LOG
OF TREKMASTER
LUCAS RUDD-

DAY 12

It is heartbreaking to record here the horrors of the past two days. Less than 300 kays from our goal and STILL the Cursed Earth reaches out its clammy hand of death to claim us! Five more trekkers dead... and among them my own son, Bud.

The MUTANTS hit us on the morning of day 11. MIKE VAN DYKE was the first to die...

AAAGHHH!

MUTANTS ON THE RIDGE!
MAN THE LASERS!



2000AD
Credit Card!
SCRIPT ROBOT
F. MARTIN RANDOR
ART ROBOT
LACIA
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e



LUCAS! KRYSTAL SCARGILLE! THEY'VE GOT SOME KIND OF HEAVY GUN UP THERE! OUR TRACK'S GONE - WE CAN'T MOVE!





It wasn't until they were inside that they saw the shrapnel wound on baby Ernesto Hemmingway.







NEXT PROG: TREK'S END!



**CONSIDERING
A CRIMINAL
ACT?**

**DON'T EVEN
THINK
ABOUT IT!**

PSI-DIVISION
"IT'S THE THOUGHT
THAT COUNTS"

Mc CARTHY